"What is it, Mamlee? Tell me, and let me help you." *p.* 36.

No. 27.

SALLIE'S BOY.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY,

CHAPTER V.

"NOW LOOKING TO SOME SETTLED END."

WHERE the Silver tumbles noisily over boulders on Snafell side, Fairly Linton and his sister Clara were sitting discussing some very knotty questions. Their tones were loud and excited, like those of the river up there on the hill; their words were angry, but they were not quarrelling.

The girl, as she spoke, plucked moss and grasses from the bank on which she rested, and tossed them into the water; while Fairly emphasised his remarks by occasionally sending a pebble flying into the current.

Two years had passed since Sallie's marriage; two eventful years in her history; trying years to her family, and it was of that time that the couple were talking. Gradually their vehement speech grew more moderate, and coherent enough to convey information to a listener.

"I tell you, Clara," said Fairly, after a time, "it is no good arguing the point. We all know the house has been an active volcano for two years past, and now that Roy has gone abroad it is not fit to live in. If it had not been for you, old girl, I'd have cut when Sallie deserted us—sure as anything."

"Poor old Sal! I said nothing against her going, for it did seem such a nice thing for her all round, and she had always been so good in thinking of us before herself. But sometimes I think *now* that Sis isn't so happy at the Manor as we expected she would be."

"If Holmes weren't always trotting off to the Continent she'd be happy enough, I expect. What he finds to amuse him in those comfortless foreign cities I can't imagine."

"I have a shrewd guess, Fairly. I have seen Sallie look so miserable whenever card-playing is talked about, and I have heard Hubert speak of the gaming places in Germany—of Monte Carlo too—as if he were so familiar with them, that I have come to the conclusion *that* is the secret of Sallie's sadness."

"Guess you're about right, Clara, and in that case it will soon be all up with the Squire. Poor old fellow! I like Hubert very much on the whole, though he did overturn Oaklea."

"If Sallie could keep all of us in order it is hoped she can manage one man, and I do not doubt she will find a way of saving Hubert from folly before long," said Clara; and then they were both silent for a space till Fairly resumed.

"I've hung on at Oaklea, as you know, hoping I could make things so disagreeable for the Dragon that she would evacuate, when there might have been a chance of some comfort with *you* at the head of affairs."

"I have no ambition that way," Clara retorted, "and the Dragon is a fixture, I assure you."

"Well, my dear, *I* am not a fixture, and I mean to clear out in a short time. I'm tired of this sort of thing. There is no scope for a fellow in Wately, and I am not a boy now. I can and will choose my own mode of life."

"I don't suppose it will matter much to anybody but me," Clara said with a sigh. "Father will probably say 'as you please, Fairly,' and dismiss the subject; and the rest of them —oh, they won't mind, but I shall die without you. I shall."

Fairly laughed, but it pleased him well to hear her speak so. "I purpose taking you with me, old girl. Why not? Why we might carry out our child-fancy of wandering away into unknown regions all by ourselves, discovering new lands, and new creatures, and plants, and all the rest of it. Shall we leave Oaklea together?"

"Yes, Fairly, oh yes."

"Well we must first go, and after that make some money, and after that set out like Babes in the Wood to enjoy ourselves. Are you prepared for a tussle on life's battle-field?"

"With *you*, Fairly, yes."

"The Dragon will have an empty house to rule over before long if things go on as they've begun. Oh, well, Sallie set us the example. If *she* had remained none of us would have cared to leave. I am sure Roy was quite delighted when he got that appointment in Cape Town, and Miss Thatcher was overjoyed at being offered the place of companion to Lady Hilton, but they'd never have gone so gladly if our queen had still been reigning at Oaklea; and you and I would not be sitting here planning our own flight if Sis had told Holmes to bide a wee longer."

"For goodness sake, Fairly, let us drop these never-ending reflections on poor Sallie for getting married. If what we fear be true she is suffering, as she has not deserved, for preferring her own happiness to ours. Now tell me what you purpose doing."

"I purpose accepting a situation now within my reach in London, and I purpose taking you with me, and I purpose that we two have a little home of our own and work together—I at designing, you at painting—till we are rich and can go travelling where we please."

Clara clapped her hands together. "Splendid! Let it be done at once. At once!" she cried.

"I wish Sallie were at the Manor again, for it would be nice to consult her. The dear old lass is as full of interest in our affairs as she used to be, though she gets few opportunities of sharing our life."

"Putting it all together she has not spent six months at the Manor in these two years," Clara remarked thoughtfully. "It makes me almost cry to see Ben day after day looking out of the window at her home, which has scarcely known her since she became its mistress."

"I wish," Fairly added, "that Roy had taken the little chap to Africa with him, for he is moping his life away now. He is such a sensitive little soul, a fellow is afraid to speak to him; yet sometimes I feel as if I wanted to give him a mount on my shoulder, or a shaking to rouse him up."

"Ben never took much to us, and since Sallie left it was all Roy with him; yet even Roy has never come anywhere near her in the baby's affections—poor little baby! How I hate Aunt Julia for making such a pet of Roger, and neglecting Ben; and sometimes I have been almost boxing Annie's ears when she teases him. Why—Fairly—do you know, Fairly—it never occurred to me before, but now I think of it—*we*, you and I, have been terribly selfish, haven't we? We might have petted Ben, as Roy did; and I ought to have tried to be 'Mam-lee' to poor little Ben."

"I guess we're a selfish lot," said Fairly, concisely. Then he got up, and helped Clara to her feet also, saying, "It is time we returned home. Won't there be a fine talk when our plan is divulged!"

The brother and sister went down the hill by the river-side after their own and its method—meandering, leaping, laughing; and the forget-me-nots, which grew by its margins, told the Silver that just so would Fairly and Clara go through life, a happy-go-lucky pair, rushing onward heedless of everyone but themselves, tumbling against whatever came in their course, making a noise and sparkle, and tossing refreshing spray upon others without being at all aware that they were benefiting anybody in so doing.

When they reached Oaklea there was pleasant news for them. A letter had been received from Sallie saying that Hubert and she would be at the Manor for one of their flying visits that week.

"And be sure," she wrote, "I shall not be many hours at home before seeing you all. I so long to see you, and to hear of all you have been doing while I have been away. Letters tell so little."

Benjie had got a little missive all to himself, enclosed in the letter which Sallie meant for the family at large, and over that precious document the boy gloated until Mam-lee herself arrived. She looked as graceful and tender as ever when she came flitting up the garden, followed by her husband, to be hugged and almost buried in the arms of her brothers and sisters. How her heart thrilled as she looked on the dear faces, and marked the changes Time was making on the young creatures.

"You grow up so fast, children," she said; and then they noticed that she looked paler than of old, that there was a wistful sadness in her eyes which had not been there before, and Clara asked, "Are you quite well, Sal?"

"You don't look well," Fairly added, and glanced wrathfully at the Squire, who, however, took no notice of the look, but merely pulled at his moustache and remarked, "Sallie has been a bit under the mark lately—that's partly why we came home just now."

"It is no wonder she is pale," Aunt Julia exclaimed. "What with your Alpine expeditions, and your Romish festivals, your gondoleering, and your drinking dirty water at those abominable German spas—enough to make a ghost of any young woman!"

Sallie laughed, and then a little sigh escaped her as she said, "I don't think climbing hills and sailing on beautiful seas can hurt anybody; and I assure you we take sightseeing in a very lazy fashion, not at all after the orthodox touring style."

"Then what is it that has made you look *so*?" the Dragon asked sharply; whereat a flush spread over Sallie's face, and she pretended she had not heard the question, but hastily began to shower questions on the others.

Ben was clinging to her hand, looking up in her face as of old; and Sallie, smiling down at him, noted how tall he had grown, and how he had lost those traits of babyhood which she had encouraged in him much later than is usual.

"Why, pet, you are almost 'growed up!'" she exclaimed. "You are not Mam-lee's baby now. I meant to borrow you while I am at the Manor, because I so weary for something to pet. However, I shall still ask the loan of you, only you will come as a man to look after me; not as my baby at all."

"Does the Squire not look after you, Sis?" Ben asked very gravely, and they all laughed; all except Sallie, who answered in a trembling voice,

"Yes, of course, Hubert takes care of me. But he—he can't stay many days at the Manor this time—and—*I* am to —remain some time. So you see, pet, you can be in the Squire's place till—he returns—soon." She did not look at her husband while she spoke, and he did not seem quite at his ease.

Aunt Julia drew her eyelids half over her eyes, and peered at the couple in a speculative manner; but Ben was entirely content. What he had been promised when Sallie married had never taken place, and the "many times" he was to have been with her in her home had resulted in a few hurried visits with others. He had never once had "Mam-lee" all to himself, as of old, since she became Mrs. Holmes; but now *that* was to be—and more than be. He was to be with her, themselves twain alone at the Manor. Oh, what a store of things he had put by in his mind to tell her! Oh, what an outpouring of confidence there would be when she got the loan of him! It never occurred to Ben that there must be something wrong when such an arrangement was possible, and proposed as it had been—for Sallie was obviously embarrassed as she spoke, and Hubert was as evidently troubled; but others took note of the matter. Fairly and Clara exchanged glances of meaning, and the Dragon peered even more closely than before at Sallie.

CHAPTER VI.

"HOW KNOW I WHAT HAD NEED OF THEE?"

IT may be well to go back a little at this point, and explain more fully the Squire's position.

He had made no attempt to blind Sallie to his folly—she could not have been blinded—but he had laughed at her fears and entreaties, assuring her that there was neither harm or danger in what he was doing. He declared that he was only following the occupation of the majority of merchants, manufacturers, and stockbrokers; and that the soul of commerce was speculation, or in other words, gambling.

He "comforted" himself, as well as his wife, by saying that there are ups and downs in all trades; ill-luck to-day, good-luck to-morrow; that no doubt he was having his reverses *first*, and fortune would come *second*; that it was always so; men had runs of losing and runs of winning, and when the tide should take the inevitable turn, and he won double what he had lost, *then* he should stop gambling.

In vain had his young wife, dearly loved after his own selfish way, striven to point out the sin of what he was doing, and the certain consequence of that sin. In vain had she used every sweet and winsome device which love could suggest, to beguile him from the snares by whose meshes he was daily becoming more and more entangled. Nothing would turn him from the error of his ways, and Sallie felt that naught was left for her to do but pray, committing her husband to God's pity and restraining grace.

Through those two years of unrest her heart had craved for the retirement of their English home, and she had persuaded Hubert to bring her there more than once; yet when he offered to leave her at the Manor she eagerly declared her preference for a wandering life with him.

He did not by any means desire to be quit of her, and while his funds allowed he was only too glad to have her company, and to provide every pleasure and comfort for her that heart could desire.

But when a time came that money was not easily obtained, and the passion of his life grew more exacting, the

Squire began to think that Sallie would be more comfortable if settled at Wately Manor, and he told her so.

Her blanching cheeks and quivering lips showed how much she foreboded evil from even a temporary separation, and he hastened to assure her that he meant to accompany her home, and, after one more brief "run" abroad, meant to return to his ancestral home "for good." By that time Sallie knew how useless it was to remonstrate or appeal, so submitted silently to Hubert's decision. Thus it had come about that the couple had returned rather unexpectedly to the Manor, and that Sallie meant to borrow Ben.

Hubert was doing borrowing of another kind. He had some lengthy and not very agreeable interviews with his man of business, who could not and would not comply with the Squire's imperious demands.

The estate was partly entailed; and the agent, being an upright man, refused to burden the fine old property by any further mortgages. He had already advanced large sums, cut down a good deal of timber by Hubert's command, and otherwise crippled the estate to a serious extent. He had remonstrated, and done all in his power to waken the young man to a sense of his responsibility and his folly.

All to no purpose. Hubert Holmes had permitted himself to fall an easy prey to the most enslaving of passions, and was rapidly gambling away a goodly heritage. When his agent declined to provide further means for prosecuting a mad career, the Squire resorted to those money-lenders who practise usury to the utter ruin of their clients; from these he procured a sum large enough to allow him to depart for the Continent once more, and in a short time he went off, leaving his wife with no other companion than Ben.

Since Sallie might not have Hubert's society she wanted none other, or better, than that of her pet brother, and for certain *he* desired none but Mam-lee.

That was a time of exceeding happiness to him, though it did not escape his notice that there was a shadow on Sallie's face, a trouble in her eyes, which had not been there before. In his own quaint reflective way he decided that she was not "sick" but "sorry," and then he wondered what could possibly make her unhappy. The Manor was a picture of beauty and comfort, and Oaklea was close by. Sallie's time was her own, she was Lady of Wately, looked up to, waited upon, by all her neighbours. What more could heart desire?

"Sis, what makes you sad?" Benjie asked her one day, and when she evaded the question, he shook his over-wise head and said no more, but pondered the matter in his own mind, till he arrived at the conclusion that Hubert had to do with Sallie's sorrowful looks. "It can't be just because he is away," thought Ben, "for she looked so before he left, and when she came home too. I wonder if Mam-lee is wishing she had just stayed with us always? I do wish she'd let me know what ails her, so that I might help her to carry her burden, whatever it is. I am growing a big boy now, and I can carry a heap more than I could when Sis took me over the stepping-stones, and we made our bargain to help each other.

He was cogitating thus in the summer-house one morning when Sallie came there in tears—not knowing that the place had an occupant; but Ben's presence did not prevent her sitting down and giving way to her pain as he had never seen her do before.

"What is it, Mam-lee? Tell me and let me help you," the boy begged with many caresses; and Sallie, needing sympathy, forgot for the moment how young he was. She laid her head on his shoulder, while he stood by her with his arms around her neck, and she sobbed, "Oh, Benjie, if I had remained at Oaklea, all this could not have happened. It is all my fault."

"Nothing is your *fault*," he said, very decidedly, and then asked, "What is it?"

"Clara and Fairly are going away. They are not happy at home, and they want to go to London—to that great terrible place—to live by themselves, with nobody to—to keep them straight. And father does not see how dreadful it may be for them. He has given his consent, and they are quite happy at the thought of *going away!* Think of that—the young ones glad to leave Oaklea, pleased at parting from the home-folk. Oh, how we have all scattered! There's Annie, too, in a flutter because Lady Hilton has invited her to join the party at Sumner Grange to stay a whole month. There will be nobody left soon! And it was not so before; before *I* chose to—to go, they all loved home best, and held to each other, and were quite happy together. There was no quarrelling or separate interests when I was—I was the 'Queen.' Oh, Benjie, I did wrong, I did indeed, and I am being punished for it."

A great deal of what she had said was spoken more to herself than to the boy, but the last sentence was all for him, and he answered it.

"Mam-lee, people can't always see how things will turn out, and you didn't see this then. And I think I wouldn't trouble about Fairly and Clara. They are quite growed, you know, and able to look after each other. *They'll* do, anyhow. Then you know Roy had to go sooner or later, and father and you and everybody were pleased about his going. And, Sis dear, if I go to Roy it will only be that I may help you all the better afterwards."

Sallie lifted her head and looked at him with a startled inquiry in her gaze. "Benjie, you—you going to South Africa! My child, what do you mean?"

"*Some day*, by-and-by, I am to go to Roy if you don't need me here. Shall you need me? Oh, shall you want me, Sis? because then I'd go nowhere, and to nobody else."

"I always need you more or less, you know," Sallie replied, composing herself, "and when Hubert is not—with me, there is no one but you can comfort me."

"What is there to 'comfort'?" Ben asked.

"A troubled soul, darling," she murmured, while a fresh burst of tears followed the words.

"God comforts *that* best, but I'll do what I can. Tell me how I can do it."

"Pray to God, Benjie, for—for Hubert and for me."

"I always pray for *you*, but I don't think I've done so much for the Squire. I'll do it after this. But I can pray in South Africa as well as here. Is there nothing else I can do, now or soon?"

"There is nothing, my pet, that anybody can do. But you must not talk of going away. How did you take such a notion as that?"

"It was Roy put it in my head. You see I was so very miserable after you left, I felt like dying, and Roy was sorry for me. He was so very good to me after that. And, Mam-lee, he used to try and do heaps of things for the others, too, like you used to do. He would go and put father's specimens in order, and he'd talk to Clara and Annie quite seriously about things. And he would read to Roger, too, for hours. The only person he never seemed able to do anything for was Aunt Julia. But, you know, she is so very aggravating! Oh, indeed, Sis, Roy was like a bit of our queen left, and it was terrible when the time came for him to go. But he told me he would send for me, and that I must always feel I had *him*. So I thought I'd go to Roy

to learn how to be a man and get rich, so that if you ever needed help of any kind I could give it."

Every word the boy said pierced like an arrow into Sallie's heart, telling her as they surely did, even more than her own convictions, what a blank she had left at Oaklea, what a power for good she had been there, how much her absence had contributed to the disunion and dismemberment which had taken place in her father's household.

She could only falter, "I need you *now*. Don't dream of going to Roy for a long, long time, my Benjie."

The words had scarcely left her lips when Clara, bonnetless and breathless, came flying up the avenue in full sight of the two in the summer-house, who sprang forward at sight of her pale face and straining eyes.

"What is it, Clara, what is the matter?" Sallie called out, and her sister panted forth,

"Oh, Sis, oh Sis, father—father has dropped in a fit or something. He looks lifeless. Fairly has gone for the doctor, and I came for you; oh, Sallie, come to us. Sallie, we never could do without you, and we can't now. Come to us, come!"

(To be continued.)

SEPARATION OF FRIENDS.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, belovèd one, art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently,
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this darksome time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine,
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Frances Anne Kemble.

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.

BY EDITH A. BARNETT,

Joint-Author of "Our Nurses."

WITH so large a subject in so small a space, I can spare nothing for preface or apology. But this is not much to be regretted, because we are always ready to discuss our own or other people's ailments. I need not fear that my readers will part company with me until they find that my main purpose is not to condole with them in their sufferings, nor even to prescribe an infallible remedy for their favourite complaints. I may have some useful remedies later; just now I prefer to point out that many sufferers have only themselves to thank for their present sad condition.

Life is often likened to a brimming cup. Twisting the metaphor a little, it seems to me like a cup that we have gone on filling since we came into the world, drop by drop, day by day, with the wrong thing. Till it threatens to overflow we care very little what it is filled with; but it is sure to overflow sooner or later, and then we find its contents bitter indeed.

How to meet sickness is to be the subject of these papers. Let us go out to meet it half-way. Not by way of welcome, as so many have done in this weary world, with some strange idea that sickness is an interesting, or improving, or even a sacred companion; but by way of fighting the intruder, and preventing him from gaining a foothold in our dwelling.

It is difficult to prescribe for my unseen patients; but at least I may assume that some few or many years ago they were boys and girls, growing up like other boys and girls, with nothing special amiss in their health, and with no foreknowledge of the sickness that is now a part of their daily lives. Perhaps it is not very complimentary to take for granted that they knew nothing of their future ailments, when the first thing I want to insist upon is the possibility of knowing, and the wisdom of finding out, what our future ailments are likely to be. It is very certain that we cannot meet every sickness in the world half-way, and fortunately it is quite unnecessary that we should. For the most part our complaints are written on our faces, just as plainly as our characters. Go to a clever doctor for his advice, and he will learn as much by reading your face as by listening to all you have to say. Indeed, it is likely that when he questions you closely about your parents and relations, your answers only tell him over again what he has told himself already. We inherit our complaints from our parents with our features, and complexions, and tricks of manner, and ways of thought.

What special enemy should you go half-way to meet? That enemy to which your forbears have fallen victims, or in whose clutches they are perhaps struggling at the present moment. There are many chances in favour of your suffering sooner or later from the family complaint, whatever that may be. Remember, too, that the family complaint is one of a class. Even diseases seem to be related to one another, and show themselves now in one guise, now in another. What I propose to do in the three short articles that are to follow this introduction, is to take three of these families of complaints, and to show how each member of the same family is, as a rule, to be avoided by the same precautions and vanquished by the same weapons.

Meanwhile it is much to the purpose to see how a number of people may all become subject to the same disease, even though they are not related. Take, for instance, the inhabitants of some secluded valley, or the children in some large institution. They eat the same food, think the same thoughts, live the same life year in and year out. It is very likely that the valley may be tolerably prosperous, and the rules of the institution carefully arranged with regard to health. Nevertheless, in the valley the same diseases perpetuate themselves, generation after generation; and among the children, complaints that we do not in the outside world consider as infectious, spread and pass from one to another in a manner that defies precaution. The lesson we learn is that similar conditions of life produce similar diseases, or, to put it in even simpler words, certain ways of living lead either to or from certain complaints.

We all take for granted that our friends and acquaintances have the "family way" with them. We speak of them "in the lump," as it were. "That is just like the Smiths," we say, or "I am sure none of the Joneses would behave like that!" Members of the same family prefer the same foods, choose the same amusements, follow the same trades or professions, besides having the same tendencies to disease.

The great secret in preserving health is to choose for the family such a way of living as shall lead from and not to the family complaints. The power of education is enormous. It is quite true to say that mothers can choose and obtain health for their children if they will. They hold the balance, and if the family disease tends to weigh it down unduly on one side, they can throw into the opposite scale some habit of life—in food, in amusements, in work—which will make it still swing even. But, after all, it is not a treatise on education that I propose to write, and happy people with wise mothers are scarcely likely to be my most interested readers, or to stand most in need of my counsel. Men and women hold the balance each in their own hands, and whatever is to be done in the way of weighting the right side must be done by the individual. It is not easy to alter our habits after they are formed, but it can be done, and very often it must be done if we intend to enjoy any sort of health. We are very apt to go to some doctor when we are ill, and to expect him to cure us by the application of some patent remedy, while we continue our old ways of living. Or if we are willing to submit to some change in our habits during the violence of the attack, we go back to the old way at the earliest possible opportunity. We leave off what we call our invalidish ways long before we give up our physic. But if the attack was only the accumulated result of daily habits that did not suit us, as soon as we return to the habits we begin to accumulate a fresh store of misery. What we do continually, we do more and more easily and quickly. The attacks come closer together. The recoveries are less complete.

What I have to say, then, will divide itself into three parts. Before a disease has declared itself we can take precautionary measures to prevent. After it has declared itself we can arrest its progress and cure the patient; but as in all severe cases a doctor is in attendance there is less to be said on this head. Lastly, after the disease is arrested we must complete the cure, and prevent the return of the illness. The first class of diseases that I take shall be fevers, and with that I will open my next chapter.

(To be continued).

SENSIBLE USE OF PAPER PATTERNS.

BY J. E. DAVIS.

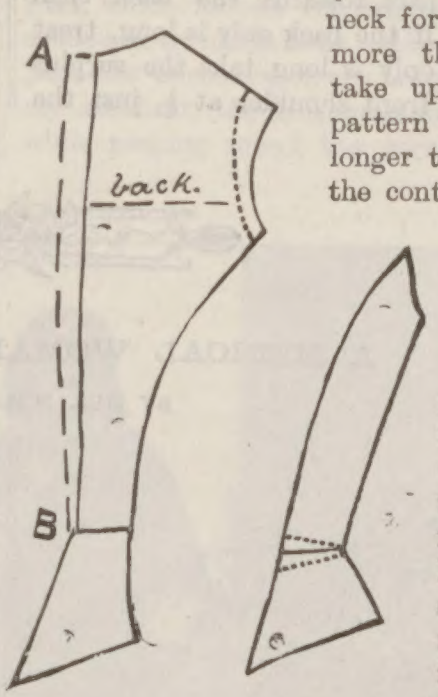
(*Ladies' Work Classes, Manchester Technical School.*)

WHEN the amateur dressmaker starts on her devious way, she goes forth with a good deal of courage, but neglects to put her armour on. To be exact, she knows that she is undertaking a difficult thing; but she hopes it will come out all right, and trusts to her luck to pull her through; of foresight she uses little or none. Now, home dressmaking is, of all things, the most tiresome if the first steps are wrong; let us, therefore, consider how the amateur who wishes to make herself a successful bodice from a paper pattern should set about it.

First, don't use *any* paper pattern. If you are to attain to anything like a moderate degree of success, the pattern should be as nearly as possible your own size to start with. Now it is very well known that when paper patterns are cut to sizes, they are cut to the size of the bust and waist measures alone, the other measures being averaged. Good cutters are well acquainted with the average, and people who can always get jackets and boots and gloves to fit them, need not fear an average pattern; but one who is out of the average, any one, say, who is unusually short or long-waisted, should use a little extra care to approximate the pattern to her own individualities, before cutting out her material. If buying a paper pattern, see that you buy it to a *tight* waist measure, as material always stretches at the waist in making up, and some allowance must be made for this yielding.

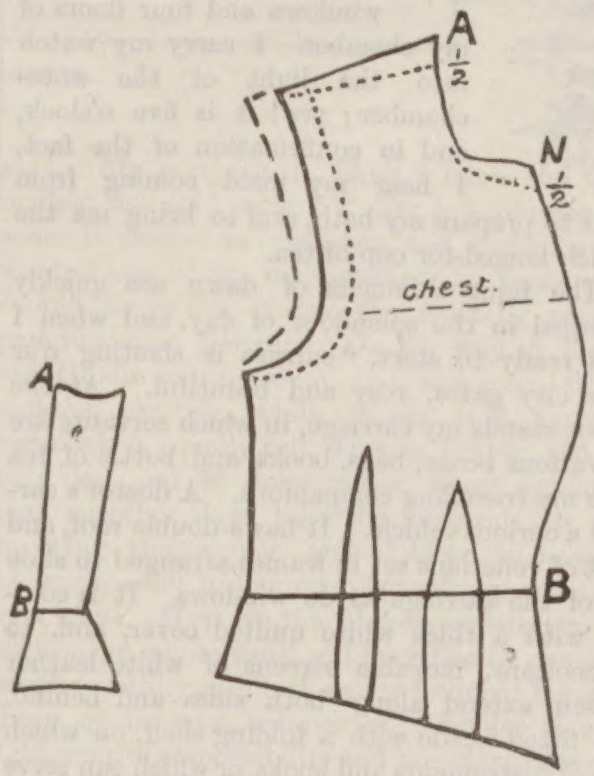
One great trouble which beginners usually have, is that they do not know where the fault is, and I have frequently seen dresses put down as short-waisted, when they were only slack.

We will suppose, however, that you have bought a pattern and wish to make sure if it will fit you in other respects. If you are tall and thin, it will probably be short-waisted (as the lengths are generally averaged to the widths), and if short and stout it will probably be the reverse. But how to ascertain this? Well, first open the four pieces of the bodice pattern (lay the sleeve and collar aside for the time), and lay them side by side as I have placed them in the diagram. There will be some directions for use given with the patterns, so look over them and see if turnings are allowed. If they are, they are generally narrow ones—either a quarter or half inch—so take your scissors and pare off that quantity all round the edges, or you will afterwards find them interfere with your measuring out. Carry your eye down each one carefully, and you will find the smallest part where the lines come in to indicate the waist. Take a black-lead and dot a few lines across to indicate the waist, as I show firm lines on the diagrams. Next put on a bodice that fits you nicely, and put a few pins in to mark the waist, which pins should be put as low as possible, as a long waist is a necessity if the dress is to satisfy you. If the dress is at all worn it will be inclined to be short-waisted, so put the pins extra low, one at the waist on the back seam, one at the waist on the side just under the arm, and one on the waist at the front. Now take the bodice off and measure how long the back is, from the pin up to the bottom of the collar. Measure the back of the pattern from A to B, and see if it is the same length. If it is right, or even if it is half an inch longer, let it pass, as the back of the dress may have been cut down at the neck for a deep collar; but if it is more than half an inch longer take up a little tuck across the pattern to leave it only half an inch longer than the right size. If, on the contrary, it is too short, get a little gummed stamp-margin, if you have any, if not pins must do. Cut the pattern across at the waist, and pin or gum the pieces on a bit of paper as far apart as is required, or even half an inch farther, for the back should always fit long if it is to look nice. Next measure the small side-piece of the dress, and measure off the pattern from A to B in the same way, and treat it the same. If too long, make a tuck; if too short, cut across and add the surplus length, and also treat the front from A to B in a similar way.



Next measure across the back of your dress from the centre seam to the seam where the sleeve is set in, and see if it corresponds with the pattern. If it is too narrow, add a strip of paper the required width down the centre of the back, according to the - - - - - line; but if too wide, take off the surplus from the armhole side as the dotted line indicates it.

Next ascertain that the chest is not too wide. If it is, take in a little, as the dotted line shows; but do not interfere with the length of the shoulder unless you have narrowed the back, in which case you must take a little from the armhole end of the front shoulder too—not otherwise.



Make all these alterations with nice neat little strips of paper just the size required, and gum them firmly into place. If you need no further alteration than to just let down all the lengths, or to shorten them, the alterations will be comparatively easy; but it is a little more awkward if,

for instance, the back is right and the front is wrong, or the contrary. In that case you must take up your tucks or let in your slips wedge-shaped; that is to say, wider at one end than at the other, like the wedge marked across the waist on the curved side-piece on the diagram. I have put it there to show you how to shape it if the back happens to be long and the side right; it shows that the tuck would in that case need to be deeper at the part towards the back than at the one joining the side. If the back only is long, treat it in that way. If the front only is long, take the surplus length from the top of the front shoulder at ½, just the shape of the dotted line, tapering it down to the armhole end of the shoulder; but in that case just as much must be hollowed from the front of the neck below N, or it will be too high there, and make the collar feel very uncomfortable. If the pattern suits your bust and waist size, none of these alterations will exceed about three-quarters of an inch, and once they have been carefully made, we are enabled to go on with our amateur dress-making with a fair chance of success, if we are as careful in using the pattern as we have been in correcting it.

(To be continued.)

A MEDICAL WOMAN'S DAY IN INDIA.

BY MRS. SCHARLIEB, M.D.

THE undefinable sense of the approach of dawn awakes me. It is still quite dark, but the mournful cry of the jackal is lulled to silence, the incessant whirr and chirping of nocturnal insects is subsiding, a faint fresh air steals in through the six windows and four doors of my chamber. I carry my watch into the light of the ante-chamber; yes! it is five o'clock, and in confirmation of the fact, I hear my maid coming from afar to prepare my bath, and to bring me the much longed-for cup of tea.

The faint shimmers of dawn are quickly merged in the splendour of day, and when I am ready to start, "sunrise is slanting o'er the city gates, rosy and beautiful." At the door stands my carriage, in which servants are arranging the various boxes, bags, books, and bottle of tea which are to be my travelling companions. A doctor's carriage in India is a curious vehicle. It has a double roof, and the sides consist of venetians set in frames arranged to slide into the body of the carriage as do windows. It is completely covered with a thick white quilted cover, and, to protect the venetians, movable screens of white leather lined with green extend along both sides and behind. The carriage is fitted inside with a folding shelf, on which can stand boxes of instruments and books, or which can serve as a seat. It has also a folding table attached to one door, and a deep strong wallet for papers adorns the other. There are straps and sockets for bottles, and last, but not least, a powerful lamp. What luxury, you think! Yes, but it is all necessary, and even with these protections the thermometer will often register 100° or 110° inside the carriage. At present, 6 a.m., the heat is not so great, and the venetians are down to give entrance to the sweet morning air.

My first visit is to the house of Hadji Pasha, who has a sort of palace within the precincts of the great mosque. The buildings surround two spacious courts, in which are fountains and palm-trees. Hadji, a venerable Mussulman of eighty years, removes his hookah-stem from his lips to give me courteous greeting, while one of his many sons, a slender, bright-eyed youth in spotless white, accompanies me to the zenana—female apartments. He will explain to me the ailments and requirements of his mother, sisters, and cousins, and will impress on them my directions. This is scarcely necessary, for the ladies know me well, and are accustomed to my Hindustani, which is more terse than grammatical.

The mother of this colony is a slender, careworn woman of about forty. She wishes me to see a little infant, for whom domestic remedies and the care of the hakim (native doctor) seem to do little. No medicine will avail here; the little one is evidently dying; the small lemon-coloured face wears that strange grey pallor, which is the harbinger of death in all races alike. The large deer-like eyes gaze wistfully around, but the tiny hand which clasps my finger is burning, the little frame is emaciated, and it scarcely needs the physician's eye to see that consumption, that scourge of the Mahommedan population of India, has nearly reached its fatal termination. I turn from the child to its young mother. On her slender form, and delicate, beautiful features, is written the same language. Her child is but six months old, and since its birth her downward course has been rapid. Next I am asked to see half-a-dozen of the older children. It is their eyes that trouble them! true enough, the glare, the dust, the irritating smoke from the open fires employed for cooking, and perhaps some want of cleanliness, have induced a chronic ophthalmia, ever ready to kindle into the acute condition. I send to the carriage for the requisite box of "eye things," and with nitrate of silver here, and lapis divinus there, I doctor the children's eyes. This house is in the Mahommedan quarter, and like many London mansions, is side by side with miserable and squalid dwellings. My coachman needs both

skill and patience as he threads the narrow streets. There are no side paths, and the motley crowd of men, women, and children swarm along amid carriages and carts of all sorts.

The streets are picturesque enough, but not refreshing, with their open side drains and heaps of refuse.

My next visit is to a poor Mahommedan girl, who, with her mother, sister, father, husband, and brothers, inhabits a shed forming one side of a quadrangle. The other sides are the homes of other families. Here, in this shed, protected only by some coarse canvas hangings, she lies with her tiny infant, whose life a few days ago almost cost her own. She is timid and shy, but with the confidence of a child, or a dumb animal, submits to all the strange, unaccustomed ways of her woman doctor. She goes to the length of saying, "Even if you kill me it will be for my good." From this miserable shanty my way leads me through melancholy Mahommedan burial grounds, in which decaying mausoleums, adorned with exquisite carvings, testify to the artistic power of the race, and so on to the Brahmin village of Mylanpore. Here is a sacred tank, a square artificial lake the sides or banks of which are composed of tiers of brick steps. In the centre is a small pagoda, or temple, and here on gala nights a raft, laden with singing girls and bright with many glowing lights, moves round the sacred edifice.

In the Zenana.

Among trees and flowering shrubs lies a handsome house having two stories. The reception rooms are furnished in European fashion, but with the welcome of an old friend I pass behind to the real living-rooms. Here are many who know and love me; the house-mother, a short, stout, but handsome woman of sixty, sits swinging on a broad shelf of wood suspended from the low roof. In her ears are clusters of fine diamonds, her clothing is of bright silk, brown and golden, woven somewhat after the pattern of a check. She pauses in her swinging to bid me be seated, but explains that as she has had her morning bath I must not touch her! Luckily she is not the patient, but the patient's mother. The young lady soon appears, very graceful and gracious. She has some slight deafness, and is really more eager for friendly chat than for professional services. This does not suit my plans, for it is growing hot. I have long ago closed the venetians of my carriage, and put on my dark spectacles. I think of my assistant struggling alone with the out-patients at hospital, of the hot tea awaiting me, and bidding good-bye to my Brahmin friends, I make all speed to reach the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Thanks to my "luxuries," I can write letters to friends at home or can read on my rounds, and the long distances are not *all* heat and lost time. My carriage now pursues a fine road, which follows the windings of a river, and is overshadowed by noble trees. About eight o'clock I enter the park-like enclosure of the hospital grounds. I am met by my assistant, the European matron, and a Hindu nurse, while peeping round the corner is the pretty face of a young Mussulmani. This dear girl, once the victim of hysteria, has elected to learn the work of a nurse, to be useful among her sisters. Very quaint and pretty is her dress—a variegated silk petticoat, a crimson jacket, softened but not concealed by transparent white drapery. My little friend thinks she has renounced all vanities in taking up her sacred vocation, but my assistant and I think there is still an unnecessary burden of rings on her fair fingers, and quite a sufficiency of pearls and gold around the graceful neck. The little lady takes an engrossing interest in any manifestation of hysteria. She smiles archly in my face and says, "My complaint. Shall I fetch the battery, or will madam use cold water?" For five minutes my consulting room is cleared of outsiders, and while I enjoy my much-wanted cup of tea my assistant, or house-surgeon, as she should be called, makes the morning report on the in-patients under her care. On my way in I passed through the Hindu waiting-room, and saw some fifty women and children waiting, while, I am told, the Mahommedan verandah is equally full. This is Friday, the Mahommedan holy day, and in consequence many carriages and carts, that on other days take the husbands to office, are free to bring the women and children to hospital. We set to work, each in her own consulting room, each assisted by a nurse. Most of the Mahommedans are seen by Miss Pailthorpe, whose work will hereafter lie chiefly among these people. Still, consultations are frequent between us. Anything of unusual interest or difficulty is shared, to the lightening of responsibility and the advantage of the patients.

Our work is varied. Of course there is much routine work, but beyond this we have cases of cataract ready for operation, some tumours, interesting skin diseases, and among the Mahommedans much disease of the lungs. About half-past ten we have finished, and commence our tour round the wards. Here we have twenty-four beds—all full. Owing to the religious and social peculiarities of our patients, we have to separate Hindus from Mahommedans, ordinary caste people from Brahmins, and so on.

The hospital was started and is maintained by high-caste Hindu and Mahommedan gentlemen, consequently we are not permitted to receive Christians, low-caste or non-Gosha Mahommedans. Could we see them, our out-patient department would have to be open all day.

Breakfast is the next duty, and then a rather hot and trying drive to the Medical College. The class of ladies assembled to listen to my lecture is varied as are the patients —European, East Indian, Hindu, and Mahommedan—but here all are Christians, or at any rate not orthodox Hindus or Mahommedans, for none of their women could or would come to a college for instruction, which in all classes but that of midwifery they share with the young men. The hour is soon past. Some eager questions are put and answered, but the students have another professor who claims their attention at one, and I have a room full of patients waiting for me at home. It is good for me that the drive home is a short one, for it is now very hot, and the air that streams through even my well-closed venetians is as the blast from a furnace. At home I find from ten to twenty ladies waiting to see me, and count myself happy if I am free before four o'clock. A hasty lunch, a bath, and change of raiment are very necessary preparations for the evening round. This evening round is less wearisome than that of the morning; indeed, in the absence of heat and glare, the pleasure of driving along smooth roads at the sunset hour, is very great.

"The hush of Sabbath evening stealing o'er Indian seas,
The golden sunset reddening behind the dark palm trees,
The shim'ring moonbeams throwing soft shadows on the grass,
The flitting fireflies showing bright glimpses as they pass."

In this round I am always accompanied by some friend, and though distances are long and the day's work has been trying, we cannot but enjoy the sea breeze; while the gloom is softly illuminated by clouds of fireflies, or more brilliantly by the splendour of the tropical moon and stars. My way lies through the fishing and suburban village of San Tome to the more distant Adyar. The visits over, the return drive along the beach, with the chant of the surf and the soft phosphorescence of the waves, suggests peace and hopeful trust. Dinner in an Indian doctor's life is a very movable feast, and any time between seven and nine has to be equally welcome.

Thus my day draws to an end.

"Night is the time to rest.
How sweet when labours close
To gather round the weary breast
The curtains of repose."

This, however, must not be reckoned upon, for the myriad "voices of the night" are frequently varied by the roll of wheels, the clapping of servants' hands in the garden, and then the soft tread of my maid, who holds a letter in her hand. I am, perhaps, told that "Teddy is very much worse," and my presence is urgently needed; or, more vaguely still, I am entreated to "come to dear Gertie." It is a puzzle, if "dear Gertie" be a stranger, to know with what remedies I should arm myself; hence a hasty packing of miscellaneous articles into the carriage, and off we go, my maid and I, to the slums of Triplicane, the penetralia of Black Town, or to some more fashionable locality. To do my patients justice, I must say I am seldom called up without cause. All the same I often get home at three or even at four, knowing full well that the daily round must commence at five as usual. Thus of the doctor we may say, as of the blacksmith:

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some work begun,
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

BABIES OF THE ANTIPODES.

One day when travelling through China on my bicycle tour around the world I came upon a very novel and interesting sight. It is the first thing of the kind I ever saw or heard about. My overland journey led me through many out-of-the-way districts, where the people are primitive and curious in many respects. In one of these obscure communities in the foot-hills of the Mac-Ling Mountains I saw about twenty Chinese infants tethered to stakes on a patch of greensward, like so many goats or pet lambs. The length of each baby's tether was about ten feet, and the bamboo stakes were set far enough apart to prevent the babies getting tangled up. Each baby had a sort of girdle or kammerbund around its waist, and the end of the tether-string was tied to the back of this. Some of the little Celestials were crawling on all-fours; others were taking their first lessons in the feat of standing upright by steadying themselves against the stakes they were tied to. What queer little Chinese mortals they all looked, to be sure, picketed out on the grass-land like a lot of young calves whose mothers were away for the day! In this respect they did, indeed, resemble young calves, for I could see their mothers at work in a rice-field a few hundred yards away. All the babies seemed quite content with their treatment. I stood and looked at them for several minutes from pure amusement at their unique position; but although they regarded me with wide-eyed curiosity, I never heard a whimper from any of them. Nobody was paying the slightest attention to them, and from appearances, I should conclude that they were most likely picketed out in this manner every fine day while their mothers worked in the neighbouring fields. Very probably these Chinese babies soon come to regard their daily outing at the stake with the same degree of satisfaction that Young America derives from his perambulator ride on sunny afternoons in the park.—*Babyhood.*

See that your child never leaves any task half done or slovenly finished; and therefore give not too many tasks. Thoroughness is the corner-stone of success. There is no place in the world now for smatterers, who know a little, and only a little, of everything under the sun. There is always an honourable place for those who can do any kind of honest work in the best manner.

A sufficient measure of civilisation is the influence of good women.—*Emerson.*

KATINKA'S BETROTHAL.

BY MARY E. ROPES,

Author of "The Fortunes of the Frejhaldts," "Prince and Page," "My Golden Ship," etc.

CHAPTER I.

AGAINST HER WILL.

"Ah! Here thou art, all alone in the drawing-room! It is well, since I must speak with thee. Rejoice then, Katinka, my little dove, all is arranged. We have but now returned from the house of Ivan Matveitch Kartinsky, having settled what thy dowry is to be, and having also learned what thy future husband's fortune is. He has a share in his father's business which, as thou well knowest, is a good one; but, beside this, a large sum of money has been left him by an old aunt. So thou wilt be rich, my Katia, and canst have a fine house, and handsome carriages and horses, and beautiful diamonds, and be dressed in silks and velvets and sables, worthy of thy beauty. And I must not forget to tell thee that the betrothal is to be in a month's time."

"There is yet one thing thou hast not remembered to tell me, mother, and that is the bridegroom's name. Ivan Matveitch has two sons, and I——"

"Nay, then, foolish girl, of course it is of the elder, of Nicolai, that I speak."

"There is only a year's difference between them," replied Katinka, her fair face overshadowed.

"I know that," said the mother, "but far more important than the matter of age, Katia, is the fact that Nicolai has his aunt's fortune, while Sergey has nothing but his share of the business."

"And all the brains," exclaimed the girl, eagerly, "and all the goodness, and all the good looks beside."

"Bah! Thou art but a silly baby, after all! The brothers are so much alike that strangers can hardly tell them apart. The same height, and nearly the same figure; they have even the same coloured eyes."

"That may be, mother, but Sergey is far stronger made, and holds himself better than his brother. His hair is curly, and his brother's straight; his eyes are brave and gentle, while Nicolai's are secret and sly. Nicolai's face shows that he loves the vodki and liqueurs over much, but Sergey has the tastes of a boy still, and has cheeks fresh as the rose."

"Now, as sure as my name is Olga Vassiliovna Dolgaretsky," exclaimed the mother, "thou speakest and judgest as no Russian maiden should. Nicolai, whether he be as handsome as his brother or no, is the husband we have chosen for thee. Hast thou yet to learn, Katinka, that in our country the parents arrange all such matters, and the children have but to obey?"

"But we are in Finland, and not in Russia proper," replied Katinka, a rebellious flush mantling in her round cheeks.

"Yes, child, but we are but come here for thy father's health, thou knowest full well, and we drop not our Russian customs because we live in Finland."

"Ah me! were I but an English maiden, free to marry whom I pleased, or not marry at all, how happy I should be!" sighed Katinka, the flush deepening to carmine in her cheeks, and tears drowning the indignant light in her eyes.

Olga Vassiliovna threw up both her arms with a theatrical gesture of horror.

"And pray where, O thou most ungrateful and unworthy child," said she, "hast thou heard tell of maidens who are suffered to act thus?"

"Thou hast forgotten, mother; it was from the English governess of our friends the Barbaroffs, in St. Petersburg, that I heard all that I know of the free and happy life of English and American girls. Ah! would that I were but as one of them, instead of a poor Russian maiden, condemned to marry a man I hate."

"It is useless to argue with thee, Katia," said Madame Dolgaretsky, severely. "Enough that the thing is settled. Nicolai Ivanitch is willing to make thee his wife, and thy father is willing to give thee a good dowry. Wert thou but less foolish and headstrong, thou wouldest see that there is really nothing left to wish for in the arrangements we have made. Come, child," and the mother softened her tone, "be but docile and good, and make up thy mind to greet thy lover kindly when he comes, and to look pretty on the day of thy betrothal."

Katinka sighed heavily, and her mother went away, leaving the girl seated at the window, and gazing out upon a scene which was very beautiful, even now that winter had come upon the land.

The house was built upon a high rocky shore, overlooking a sheet of frozen water, dotted here and there with little islets formed of granite boulders, and now partially covered with pure snow, which threw into relief against the red western sky the dark points and corners of stone which the snow had left unclothed.

As Katinka sat there musing sadly, a hare bounded past and disappeared in a clump of brushwood at the very margin of the lake.

"Ah!" sighed the girl, "even that poor dumb creature is happier than I. It is free to go and come, and seek its mate where it will, while I——" and covering her face with her hands, she broke into a passion of sobs and tears.

"Katinka Gregoriovna, what is this?" exclaimed a fresh,

manly young voice; and a kind face bent over the young girl's bowed head, a look of tender compassion in the dark grey eyes.

Startled out of the abandonment of her sorrow, Katinka looked up with swollen eyes, half ashamed, half appealing.

"I am sorry you should have seen me thus, Sergey Ivanitch," said she, hastily drying her wet cheeks.

"So should I be, if I did not think you would allow me to share your trouble, and perhaps help you," he rejoined, gently. "I came to call on your father, to tell him about a horse he wished to buy; but I hear that he is resting in his room, and your mother too. They called at our house this afternoon, your servant says, but I was out and did not see them."

"The house overlooked a sheet of frozen water."

"Yes, they were there," said Katinka, ready to cry again at the thought of their errand.

"Well," continued the young man, "Gregory Abramovitch being for the present invisible, I ran in here to the library to write a note to him, telling him what I had to say about the horse. But I would much rather talk to you, if I may. Now, Katinka," and Sergey drew a chair up and sat down, "tell me what has grieved you so."

"I do not know that I ought to tell you," replied Katinka; "but you are sure to hear of it only too soon from others."

Sergey's open face darkened.

"Is it about my brother Nicolai?" he asked, in an altered tone, low and constrained.

"It is," replied the girl.

There was silence for a moment or two; then Sergey said—

"Tell me, Katinka, do you love my brother Nicolai?"

"I do not love Nicolai," answered Katia, passionately, "and the thought of being betrothed to him is hateful to me. But my mother says I have nothing to do with the decision she and my father have come to with your parents, and that I have but to obey. Sergey Ivanitch, I am utterly helpless, utterly miserable."

"Try not to cry, Katinka; I have yet another question to ask you. Why do your parents wish you to marry Nicolai when you do not care for him, and when (as I have reason to believe) he also does not love you?"

"I know not," replied the girl, wearily, "unless it be that they feel they are growing old, and would fain see me settled in a home of my own. And also, that as Nicolai Ivanitch has a fortune received from his aunt, he will be a good match."

Sergey smiled.

"Ah!" said he, "it will not do to reckon too much upon that fortune, for my brother has it not yet. True, it is left to Nicolai, but conditionally, and in any case he cannot receive it until he is twenty-five years old, and he is but twenty-three now. An uncle of ours, an old bachelor, Alexander Yakovitch Maleagin, has control over the property until then, and should Nicolai's conduct or character be unsatisfactory in Uncle Alexander's estimation, the old man has a right to keep back the fortune."

"And to whom does it go then?" inquired Katinka.

"That I do not know," replied Sergey. "I have not heard all the conditions of my aunt's will. Perhaps Uncle Alexander may keep the money himself."

"I do not think my father and mother know this," said Katia. "If they knew it, they would surely be willing to wait, and not hurry this miserable betrothal. Why did not your parents tell mine, Sergey, about the conditions of the will? We Russians generally discuss money matters freely enough in marriage arrangements, and such a thing as that might make an important difference."

"That's just it!" replied Sergey. "My parents are anxious that Nicolai should marry, as they think a wife's influence is what he needs. Then, too, they like you, Katinka, and think you will be a loving daughter to them. So, naturally enough, they wished to say and do nothing that would hinder, or even postpone the marriage."

"I should be sorry to be a cause of pain and disappointment to your parents, Sergey, but I feel as if I would do almost anything rather than be betrothed to Nicolai. I know there would only be misery in store for us both, and I cannot but think that if my parents knew that your brother will not come into this fortune, for two years at all events, and that at best it is uncertain, they would be willing to put off the betrothal. I doubt if Nicolai, without his fortune, would find more favour with my father and mother than any one else."

Sergey's eyes sparkled, and he seemed on the point of saying something, but he restrained himself with an effort, and Katinka, who was looking down, did not see his face.

Presently she said, "I fear I have been speaking almost too openly to you, Sergey; but I have no brother, no sister, no one of my own age near me, in whom to confide, and, after all, we have known each other ever since we were children."

"I know of no reason, Katinka, why there should not be friendly confidence between us," replied the young man. "You may rest assured that I shall not abuse your trust. But it is growing dark, and I have not written my note after all. Well, never mind, I will write when I get home, and send the note across with a messenger. Now I must be going. Tell your mother and father what I have told

you about aunt's fortune, and plead for time to be given you. They can hardly refuse this, so young as you are. Good-night, Katinka."

Away went Sergey. His home was on the other side of the lake, and he had brought his skates with him, so as to skate back. He was not a moment getting them on, on the margin of the lake. Then buttoning his short racoon-lined coat to the throat, and putting his hands into his furred pockets, he glided smoothly off, in long graceful sweeps, and disappeared from Katia's sight in the deepening darkness.

The lake was wide just here, and Sergey had been skating at a quick pace for a quarter of an hour, before he paused to rest, about half-way across. He was then close under the shadow of Oak Isle, one of the numerous islets that dotted, at irregular intervals, the whole surface of the broad expanse. As he stood there, removing the fur cap from his brow, heated with the sharp exercise, he fancied he heard the low murmur of voices somewhere near.

Wondering what this could mean, and sure that a meeting in such a place could betoken no good, Sergey slipped noiselessly along, and skirted the island, the voices becoming more and more distinctly audible as he neared the opposite side.

Then, as he stopped and listened, he heard the following conversation carried on in Russian—

"Will he play us false? What sayest thou, Demetri?"

"No, Kostia; methinks he has too much at stake for that. He would not have engaged the services of men like us, could he have managed without. No, people do not hold a knife by the blade when there is a handle, you may be sure!"

"He said no time was to be lost," said Kostia, "and that if, during the day, he had no means of obtaining what he required, he would meet us for consultation. Hist! what noise was that?"

It was one of Sergey's skates that had slipped a little, side-ways, and made a scratching sound upon the ice. He heard the men begin to move round the island reconnoitring, and he thought he might as well be off.

As they approached the place where he had paused, he skated rapidly away in an opposite direction, and along the lake lengthways, until he knew that he must be out of sight in the darkness. Then he turned his steps homeward.

Perhaps his mind would have dwelt more upon what he had just heard, had not his thoughts been full of his recent interview with Katinka.

"God bless her! God bless the dear girl!" he exclaimed, fervently. "Were she not to be my brother's betrothed, I should say I love her! and then, then ——" and his fancies began to be full of the *might have beens* of life, though he dared not trust himself to think what might be yet.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE ALEXANDER.

"WELL, Sergey, nephew mine, it is long enough since my old eyes were refreshed with a sight of thee. Why comest thou not oftener to see thy poor, lonely old uncle?"

A Russian Village.

"I should have called last week, sir, but I understood from my brother that you would prefer not to see me, and indeed ——" Here Sergey stopped short, coloured, and bit his lips.

"Well, boy—indeed what?" questioned the old man, with an odd twinkle of amusement in his eyes. "Let us have it all! Be not afraid, Sergey!"

"Dear uncle, Nicolai accused me of trying to supplant him in your good opinion, and said that you had acknowledged as much to him. My brother gave me the impression, uncle, that you had misunderstood my motives in coming so often as I have done, so I thought it better that I should stay away."

"He is a rascal, and thou art a donkey!" cried the old man. "Never by word or look have I given him reason to think thus, and thou shouldst have had more faith in me than to believe him."

"Has Nicolai been to see you quite lately, uncle?"

"No longer ago than the day before yesterday," replied Uncle Alexander. "And what, think thou, was his reason for coming?"

"To see you, and ask after you, I should think, uncle. We heard that you had not been well, and this was my reason for calling to-day."

"But Nicolai had no such reason. He came to announce that he was about to be betrothed. The final arrangements were not made formally, but the thing was as good as settled, he said. And, Sergey, I was surprised to hear that the bride-elect is our little Katinka Dolgaretsky. Hey—what is the matter with thee, my boy? Art going to faint?"

"Only a sudden pain, uncle," replied the young man, quickly recovering himself. "It is better now, nay, it is gone! Please go on."

"Well, *apropos* to the great event expected, he begged to know if, by some means, his aunt's will could so be altered or modified as to allow him to receive his fortune now, instead of in two years' time. And when I told him *no*, he asked me if I would advance him some thousands of roubles on the security of the legacy left in my hands. He confessed that he had some heavy debts, and he said that he wished to pay everything off before he married."

"And you advanced him the money, uncle?"

"Not I—not one copeck. A man who plants thistles cannot complain that he walks not on rose-leaves. 'Thine aunt's fortune,' I said to him, 'is accumulating, and in two years' time it will be worth having if thou art worthy of it. Meanwhile, do as best thou mayest, for not a rouble of my money shalt thou have.'"

"And what said my brother then, uncle?"

"Said? What could he say? He went away muttering that everything was against him, and that he should have to do something desperate, and clear himself once and for all. But what can he do? He is too much of a coward to shoot himself, and what else is in his power? Depend upon it, Sergey, he only said this to move me to change my mind; but my mind is not to be changed so lightly, and good money is not so easily gathered together that one can afford to throw it after bad."

Sergey did not answer; he was thinking of his brother's difficulties, and feeling that they were more than enough to account for the gloom and depression which had hung about Nicolai of late, like a storm-cloud, threatening and ominous.

"But now, my boy," the old man went on again, "what about thyself? I am sick of talking of Nicolai. Art thou not, in thy turn, thinking of taking a wife, Sergey? I was only thine age when I fell in love, ay, and should have been married, too, but God struck the maiden, she fell ill and died, and I have been alone ever since, for her sake." And Uncle Alexander wiped his eyes.

Sergey's heart warmed towards the old man, and grateful for the confidence shown him, and feeling drawn to be confidential in his turn, he brought his seat nearer, and laying his hand on that of Alexander Yakovitch, he said—

"Dear uncle, I am not colder-hearted than you. There is a maiden who is very dear to me, but she is as far removed from me—almost, as your dead love from you; she can never be mine."

"Indeed, my nephew? Now make thy confidence complete, and tell me the name of the lady."

Sergey hesitated a moment, then he said, falteringly—

"Katinka."

"What! Katinka Dolgaretsky?"

"The same, dear uncle."

"And she—loves she Nicolai or thee?"

"Katinka loves not my brother, but I know no more. It had been dishonourable to try and win her love for myself, when her parents and mine have arranged that she should marry Nicolai."

"True, quite true. Thou art in the right, Sergey. I am glad to see thee so honest and self-controlled."

Sergey went on—

"Of course, uncle, Katinka's parents wish to make a good match for their only daughter, and they feel that my brother with his fortune will be what they want, while I have nothing but my share in my father's business."

Uncle Alexander laid a hand caressingly on the young man's shoulder.

"Be not too down-hearted, nephew mine," said he, kindly; "not every cloud brings storm, and in the game of see-saw one end mounts as well as the other. Go on as thou hast begun, be upright, be honourable; do thy duty faithfully and with a cheerful heart. And I, meanwhile, will keep thy secret as though it were my own. Be assured of my affection, Sergey, and shouldest thou be in trouble or difficulty, and want a friend, come to me. I will help thee as much as in me lies, and at least I will never betray thy confidence."

The young man thanked his uncle gratefully as he rose to go, and his heart felt lightened because he knew that Uncle Alexander's sympathy and love were real and warm.

(To be continued.)

THE WAY IT STRUCK HER.

A LITTLE ragged orphan girl, who ne'er
Had had a home, nor known a parent's care,
And who, with shoeless feet and hatless head,
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread,
Was taken from the city far away,
With others of her kind, one summer day,
To look upon the ocean. At the sight
Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave delight:
And some one said, "I wonder what can be
Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty sea?"
She heard the words, and quickly turned her head,
And in low tones, "I's thinkin', ma'am," she said,
"I's glad I comed, because I never sor
Enough of anything at wunst before."

MARGARET EYTINGE.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

BY ELIZABETH MARTYN.

(Concluded from page 30.)

WE do not think much of what is hidden from our eyes, and most of us would rather not know; but vivisectionists are fond of telling us that we live in glass houses, and should refrain from throwing stones at them; that, to speak plainly, the sufferings of animals under the hands of the butcher exceed anything that can be charged against the vivisectionist. Dr. McCormack made it his business to study the question of vivisection, and also that of the butchery of animals for food. He was full of horror at what he found—horror at the doings of the vivisectionists, and equal horror, he says, at the doings of the butchers. He was not a vegetarian, I ought to say, and had no bias, and no theory to prove.

We have all been brought up on pastoral poetry, and we all think a landscape improved by having a flock of sheep in the foreground. The playfulness of young animals is a sight to rejoice the heart, but we have not accustomed ourselves to ask what it all comes to.

> "Mary had a little lamb,
> With fleece as white as snow."

Yes, that is all very well, but what was the end of that lamb?

And it is not only the actual killing of them which is cruel. Look at the miseries of sheep and cattle in railway-trucks, in steamboats, and in crowded streets, the thirst they often suffer, the fright they must *always* undergo, the forced marches, the general rough usage. Green pastures and still waters have not prepared them for all this.

It is the fact, too, that the closer quarters we come to the more reluctance and aversion we experience. No one, for instance, would care to eat a creature he had fondled as a pet. And we do not like to be reminded that what we eat was ever anything more alive than the shapeless chunks of meat which we see in the shop-windows. Two instances of this occur to me.

One Christmas Day in Cairo, the orthodox turkey arrived a few hours before dinner-time, but arrived alive, and walked about the kitchen. There was not one of us but shrank from eating of it that night, and the master of the house was the most squeamish of all. No one but the unconscious guests enjoyed their dinner. What was this but a quickened imagination, based on a knowledge a little more intimate than usual?

Then, again, on our voyage home eight sheep started with us, and not one was to be seen when Liverpool was reached. Day by day we looked at these poor creatures on the lower deck and saw their diminishing number, and at dinner-time one man would say to another, "I don't half fancy this mutton; it's not nice to be reminded that it was sheep this morning."

Vegetarians, as you heard before, are nearly always teetotalers. It might, perhaps, be well for the teetotalers to return the compliment, and become vegetarians! As far as I can gather, the abstainers from meat have not set themselves to make a further sacrifice and abstain from alcohol; they have found, only, that they *can do without it*. Mr. Leo Grindon has lately been saying that if we increase the consumption of fruit we shall lower the drink-bill; and that if every one took, in some form or other, a pound of fruit a day the general public health would be in a much sounder state than it is at present.

Professor Newman's testimony is that "unquestionably the temperance society and the vegetarian society are legitimate sisters . . . each desires the welfare of the million, and is thereby exposed to the taunt of seeking to dictate to other people's tastes. Each aims at what may be despised as a very narrow object—a single step away from vice or towards virtue."

All this time we have been talking about what we should *not* eat. It is perhaps a little late to begin to answer the question at the head of this paper; and yet a few practical suggestions may be made.

First, then, we should have fruit, plenty of fruit, not eaten between meals, but eaten with every meal—stewed fruit, raw fruit (only let it be ripe), all kinds of fruit.

A child who begins the day with a good plateful of porridge and milk, a plateful of stewed fruit, and a piece of brown bread, begins healthily and well.

Dinner is, of course, the vexed question; because to take the joint away looks like playing "Hamlet" with Hamlet himself left out. That is, it seems so in an English home. It is not such a difficulty with French housewives, who are not used to putting a big joint in place of their beloved soup and stew. Here is a recipe for one very simple, cheap, and delicious little dish.

Soak a pound of haricot beans (cost 3d.) in cold water all night. Next day simmer them gently until they are soft. This may take three hours. When they are done, strain the water off, and put them into a deep dish. Then pour over them some parsley-butter, and over that again some stewed tomatoes. The tomatoes sold in tins will do very well for this. A tin costs 5d. or 6d. Half of it or more may be used—perhaps the whole. The tomatoes need to be stewed only a little while over the fire before being poured over the haricot beans and butter.

If any of this dish is left, next day it may all be beaten up together with a quantity of bread-crumbs, and baked. It will come in for breakfast, or for an extra dish at dinner.

This does not sound much for a dinner, but it is really quite enough, with or without potatoes or other vegetables.

Perhaps I might say that the water in which the beans were boiled may be saved and made into a sort of broth. Cut an onion or two in slices, fry them, put them into a basin, with some toast cut in dice, sprinkle salt and pepper, boil up the haricot liquor, and pour it over all. It makes a nice warm broth for a cold day.

One must remember, in dealing with haricots and lentils, that they are nitrogenous foods. There is more nourishment, it is said, in one pound of them than in three pounds of meat; and yet they do not give us the potash and other things our blood requires, and we must therefore eat fruit and green vegetables as well.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

MARCH is the first month in which we really become sensible that spring is at hand, though there may have been bright days, and early, almost unseasonable flowers beforehand, quite capable of deceiving the birds into nest building, though human bipeds ought to know better than to imagine that because the sun shines and the daylight comes earlier and stays longer, warm clothing can be dispensed with or thrown aside.

Those who had new winter gowns before Christmas, and were very choice over them, wearing them only on best occasions, will now be glad that they have kept them so bright and fresh, and fit to do good service till it is too warm to keep them on; but others, who have made last year's dresses tide over all the darkest and the worst part of the winter, will be glad of a new dress, neither too light nor too dark, which will be very useful till the cold winds are over, and yet in first-rate condition as the next winter's standard garment. Fashions are very pretty just now, and not too extravagant, and, indeed, to those who can make for themselves, and who took advantage of the January sales to buy materials which were then so cheap on account of the overstocking of the market, a new gown is to be had for an almost absurdly small outlay.

One of our sketches represents a walking dress which is one of the newest Viennese types, and a very useful one. It is made of two of the woollen materials which were so largely made for the present winter, but comparatively little bought, on account of the mild weather, that caused most ladies to prefer cashmere, or some similar fabric, and in many cases enabled economical folks to do without new gowns altogether. One material is a kind of woollen broché, and the other quite plain, and the favourite colours are browns and greys. That there is a foundation skirt goes without saying, and it is edged with a three-inch flounce of plain stuff put on in single box pleats or as a kilt. Over this is hung the broché with very little fulness except behind, where it hangs with two double box pleats from the waist. The coat sleeves have deep cuffs of broché, and a yoke is made of it, as well as a belt with a deep point in the centre of the front, and two hanging bows and sash ends behind. A fourteen-inch steel, placed rather low down, and a small cushion, supply all that is necessary to keep the skirt out, and off the ground behind. The pointed draperies, sleeves, full-fronted bodice, etc., are of the plain fabric.

Most of us have dresses, especially silk ones, of which the skirt lasts longer than the bodice, and sometimes wears out two of the latter and still looks presentable. A red silk or cashmere Garibaldi or a nice jersey, helps to finish these up, and also looks bright, but since skirts of this kind are apt to get shiny and even a little worn just in front of the hips and below the waist, a jacket is in many cases preferable, so we give a sketch of one which, though inexpensive, is quite dressy and prevents the effect, so often deplored by artists, of making the figure appear to be cut in two at the waist. The material is scarlet cloth or vigogne, with six narrow strands of black braid stitched down the back and the same in front, except that the row of black buttons to fasten the jacket comes in the middle, leaving three rows of braid on either side. The basque is cut up in eight places, and over each opening there is a smart knot of black ribbon. A good Irish crochet or Russian lace tacked on the cuffs and turned down over the upright collar makes a very nice finish. This jacket is neater and not less useful if made in black with scarlet ribbons, and looks nice stitched with rows of scarlet silk instead of braid, which gives a finish. The chief benefit of the black braid on the scarlet jacket is that it tones the bright colour down, and postpones the moment when the back and front look soiled.

The new veils are really a protection to the face, ears, and throat, and they go very well with most bonnets, and with hats the brims of which are not over wide. The way to make them is to take three quarters of a yard of figured black or white silk net, slope the two lower corners, and stitch firmly all round an edge or insertion that is to be bought at all lace shops, and is expressly made for running in narrow velvet or ribbon. On to the lower edge of this sew a piece of light patterned lace, about two inches wide, and run a narrow ribbon twice through the insertion, beginning and leaving off in the centre at the top where there should be two ends. By means of this ribbon tie the veil over the brim of bonnet or hat, drawing it up so that the lace closes in round the throat and most of the fulness is in front. They are made only in black and white, and coloured veils are quite out of fashion.